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MONDAY, JANUARY 19, 1914

One Halfpenny.

ENGLAND'S ARMY SCANDAL. THE STRANGE CASE OF LIPTON'S AND THE CANTEENS.



Sir John Dickinson, chief metropolitan police magistrate, Bow-street, who is presiding over the Court.



Hon. Captain and Quartermaster G. E. Mitchell.



D. Lynch (on left), manager Lipton's canteen department (Ireland), and J. Craig, ex-manager.



Mr. R. D. Muir, Crown Prosecutor. The proceedings were devoted to his lengthy opening statement.



Mr. E. S. Sawyer, principal witness for the Crown.



Mr. Frederick William Owen, one of the defendants.



Quartermaster W. J. Armstrong.



Mr. Edward Pegley (left) and Mr. Alfred Enos Swain.

Sensational charges of conspiracy and bribery characterised the Army canteen case, which was opened at Bow-street on Saturday. Sixteen Army officers and civilians appeared as defendants, and sat in rows of chairs behind the solicitors in the well of the court. Mr. R. D. Muir prosecuted, and an army of eminent counsel defended. The

principal allegation of the Crown is that a department of Lipton's systematically bribed officers in charge of regimental canteens to obtain orders for goods. It is alleged that money was handed to the agents of Lipton, Ltd., for the purpose of influencing the giving of contracts to the firm.

THE COMING OF AGE (21st Anniversary) OF THE GREAT WHITE SALE

Commences THIS DAY.

D. H. EVANS & Co. Ltd.

290 to 322, OXFORD STREET, W.

ONLY ADDRESS. NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE.

Originators of the Great White Sales and Pioneers of the Irish Peasant made Underclothing Industries.

UNDERCLOTHING, LINENS, LACES, BLOUSES, &c.

*WHITE SALE LISTS, 1,000 ILLUSTRATIONS, POST FREE ON REQUEST.

Post Orders Executed in Rotation with least possible delay, but we cannot send all per return during first few days of Sale Pressure. We guarantee every article exact to illustration and description, and will exchange it not approved.

Underclothing and Woollen Underwear, &c., at White Sale Prices.



Lot 08 MU. Irish Peasant-made Night-dress, in longcloth, trimmed with Swiss embroidery and Insertion. Usual price 4/6. Sale Price 2/9.



Lot 07 MU. Irish Peasant-made Combination, in Nainsook, trimmed with Lace and Insertion and Muslin Insertion. Usual price 4/2. Sale Price 2/8.



Lot 0109 MU. French Handmade Knickers in Nainsook, trimmed Valenciennes Lace and Insertion. Usual price 3/9. Sale Price 1/11.



Lot 062 MU. Irish Peasant-made Camisole, in Nainsook, trimmed with Lace and Insertion and Muslin Insertion. Usual price 2/9. Sale Price 1/8.



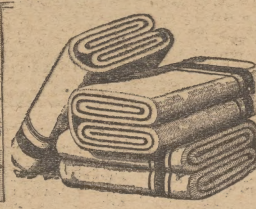
Lot 0129 MU. French Handmade Chemise, in Nainsook, trimmed Valenciennes Lace and Insertion. Usual price 3/6. Sale Price 1/11.

Lot 2092 MK. Ladies' Knitted Spun Plated Combinations. 1/2 doz. Crochet Tops. Usual price 2/11. Also better qualities ditto. Prices 3/11 and 4/11.

D. H. Evans & Co. are actual Manufacturers of Table Damasks, Bed Linens, Towels, &c., Buy of the Makers and Save all Middle Profits.



Lot 22 MU. Irish Damask Table Cloths and Napkins (as illustration). Size about 1/2 doz. Table Napkins. Usual price 1/2 doz. 8/11 each. 2 by 2 yds. 1/3. 2 by 3 yds. 1/4. 2 by 3 1/2 yds. 1/5.



Lot 123 MU. Irish Linen Huckaback Towels. Fine quality, Damask Border and Hemstitched. Size 24 by 42 in. Usual price, 1/7s. Sale Price, per doz. 14/9.

Lot 139 MU. Lettered Glass, Tea, Basin, House-maid and Pantry Cloth. Size 23 by 34 in. Usual price, 7/6 doz. Sale Price, doz. 6/6.

Lot 140 MU. Better quality. Size 25 by 35 in. Usual price, 8/6 doz. Sale Price, doz. 7/6.

Lot 144 MU. Heavy Twill Kitchen Rubbers. Size 24 by 32 in. Usual price, 1/11 doz. Sale Price, doz. 6/11.

HEMSTITCHED COTTON SHEETS. Lot 78 MU. Size 2 by 3 yards. Usual price 8/6. Sale Price 6/11 per pair. Lot 81 MU. Size 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 yards. Usual price 10/11. Sale Price 8/11 per pair.

HEMSTITCHED LINEN SHEETS. Lot 80 MU. Size 2 by 3 yards. Usual price 15/9. Sale Price 13/9 per pair. Lot 81 MU. Size 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 yards. Usual price 18/9. Sale Price 16/9 per pair.

HEMSTITCHED PILLOW CASES. Lot 51 MU. Hemstitched Cotton, ready for use, size 20 in. by 30 in. Usual price 1/4. Sale Price 1/3. Lot 52 MU. Hemstitched Cotton, ready for use, size 20 in. by 30 in. Usual price 1/4. Sale Price 1/3.

Costumes, Mantles, Furs, Fur-Lined Coats, Blouses, &c., at White Sale Prices.



Lot 2031 MJ. Floor Wool Sports Jacket. In Sage, Rose, Coyse, Purple, White and all leading colours. Usual price 13/11. Sale Price 11/9. Lot 2031 MJ. Cap to match. Usual price 2/3. Sale Price 1/9. Lot 2031 MJ. Scarf to match. Usual price 2/6. Sale Price 1/11.

Lot 355 MU. Stylish Pink Net Fichu, finely knitted full with scalloped edge, finished Black Satin knot. Usual price 2/4. Sale Price 1/4. Lot 355 MU. Smart Cotton Voile Gown, pretty cabochard with a cross-over Bodice and shawl neck, as sketch. The front is finished with a set of coloured glass buttons. Usual price 25/9. Special measures 5/6 extra. Lot 358 MU. Fashionable Fur Lined Coats, as sketch, half lined good Squirrel Loke Fur, roiled collars of Electric Coat or Silvered Cooney Fur. In smart, Tweeds, plain and striped Grey and Heather colours. Usual price 75 to 85/6. Sale Price 59/6.

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON
HIGH STREET, W.

A VISIT this week to the Linen and Soft Furnishing Departments will amply repay for we are offering at special Sale Prices one of the most wonderful Collections of Cretonnes ever seen in Town. Special Sale Prices for Curtains, Down Quilts and House Linen are also a feature for this week. It is perhaps hard to realise we shall offer

HUCK TOWELS.

600 Best quality pure Irish Linen, hemstitched damask border. Huck Towels, 24 by 42. Usual 1/11 and 2/6 each. Sale Price each 1/6 1/2 for 8/11.

21 Miles OF ENGLISH Cretonne



Sideboard Cloths.

3 Doz. Double damask heavy Linen hemstitched sideboard Cloths, 14 by 68. Usual 4/11. Sale Price Each 2/6

Lawn H'CHIEFS.

Y60, 80 Doz. Ladies' Snow-White Irish hemstitched lawn Handkerchiefs. Usual 4/6 each. Sale Price, the doz. 1/3 1/2

SERVETTES.

Broken dozens of our 12 1/2 and 15 1/2 doz. all Linen double damask Serviettes will be sold this 93d. week at Each 93d. 6 for 4/6.

REMNANTS

Every Thursday throughout the month. HALF PRICE. Example:—4 Yards of 63d. Calico, 2/3. You pay 1/11. No Post Orders can be executed for Remnants.

AT 5 1/2d. and 1/- PER YARD. Usual 1/3d. and 1/6. 21 miles of Cretonnes makes extraordinary reading, but it is a fact that our Stock, which comprises designs and colourings to suit every style of decoration, excels 36,960 yards.

Write for bunch of Patterns post free.

DOWN QUILTS.

We have reduced our stock of Down Quilts to 3 prices in order to effect a speedy clearance. Single & double, Mostly in Green & Blue each.

CURTAINS.

300 pairs of good quality 10/11 and 8/11 Scotch Net Curtains. White and Ivory only 3 & 3 1/2 yds. long. We are marking these 6/11 1/2 all at (pair)

Jap Silk QUILTS.

24 rich Japanese Silk Wadded Quilts, slightly soiled, 36 in. by 48 in. In Pale Pink only. Usual 8/11. Sale Price 5/-

Scotch WINCEY.

300 Yds. of our 31 in. wide Cream Scotch Wincey. Usual 1/6 yd. 93d. Sale Price per yd. 93d. or 8/11 doz. yds.

REMNANTS.

Calicos, Flannels, Cretonnes, Casement Cloths, Curtain Nets, and 400 sorted sample Curtains, will be marked at exactly half the usual prices.

DERRY & TOMS, Kensington High Street, London, W.

WELLWORTH MANUFACTURING FUR CO., 149, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

All made up Fur Stock must be cleared. Send now for Fur Sale Catalogue and secure a Bargain.

Typical Examples of Our Drastic Reductions:—

Black Pony Skin Fur Coats, full length. Usual price 7 gns. Sale Price £5 5 0
Seal Cooney Coats, full length, to finest quality skins. Usual price 12 gns. Sale Price £9 9 0
Fur lined diagonal Serge Coats with handsome Fur Collars, lined Squirrel Loke colours Sand, Purple and Grey. Usual price 5 gns. Sale Price £3 18 9
Natural Stone Marten Seal and Muff, fine full skin. Usual price 15 gns. Sale Price £11 16 3
Skunk Opossum Seal and Muff, Usual price 7 gns. Sale Price £5 18 2
Send Cooney Seal and Muff, lined silk. Usual price 10 gns. Sale Price £5 11 1

M1212. New Design "High-crowned" Fur Tonic, in fine Seal Cooney. Usual price 14/6. Sale Price 7/3. Post Free.

M1212. Very Smart Soft Capote, with Seal Cooney trim and White Fur crown, most becoming. Usual price 10/6. Sale Price 4/3. Post Free.

M1213. Very Smart Soft Capote, with Seal Cooney trim and White Fur crown, most becoming. Usual price 10/6. Sale Price 4/3. Post Free.

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ARMY CANTEEN CASE OPENS.

Counsel's Story of Alleged
Bribes to Obtain Contracts.

16 DEFENDANTS.

Lipton Employees Said To Have
Sent Money Gifts.

The "Army canteen scandal" case has taken definite shape and form.

Startling allegations of bribery and corruption were made on Saturday at Bow-street against eight officers and non-commissioned officers of the British Army and eight civilians now or formerly employed by the firm of Lipton, Ltd. Mr. John Cansfield, general manager and a director of Lipton, Ltd., is one of the eight civilians.

The court was crowded. Even the dock had been removed—the first time in the court's history—to give increased accommodation.

Technically the charge is one of conspiracy, and is brought under the Corrupt Practices Act. It is alleged that the accused employees of Lipton, Ltd., were given money on many occasions with which to bribe officers to induce them to influence the giving of contracts for the firm, and that the accused officers accepted such bribes.

The maximum penalty under the Act is a fine of £500 or two years' imprisonment, or both.

The further hearing of the case will be next Saturday, and after that every succeeding Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Muir, leading counsel for the prosecution, spoke for two hours on Saturday. He quoted a letter alleged to have been sent by Captain Mitchell, Devon Regiment, to a Lipton employee:

I am going to ask you to do a very great favour—viz., send two Christmas hampers to the enclosed addresses without letting the recipients know from whom they come. In the first I should like a turkey, a fowl, a bottle of whisky, a bottle of port, and a quarter of a pound of tobacco. This is for my wife's father, a dear old gentleman about seventy. I should like the second packed like the first, but without the tobacco.

In many cases officers' running debts at the canteen were cancelled, as an indirect form of bribery, said Mr. Muir. In others sums of money were actually paid over.

(Photographs on page 1.)

WHO THE ACCUSED ARE.

The following is the list of defendants:—

MILITARY.

Hon. Lieutenant and Quartermaster William James Armstrong, Norfolk Regiment.

Sergeant-Major George Petchy Bennett, West Riding Regiment.

Hon. Lieutenant and Quartermaster James Burns, 8th Hussars.

Hon. Lieutenant and Quartermaster Thomas Henry Johnson, Royal Lancaster Regiment.

Hon. Lieutenant and Quartermaster William Kelly, London Regiment.

Staff-Sergeant Thomas Millward, Army Service Corps.

Hon. Captain and Quartermaster George Edward Mitchell, Devon Regiment.

Hon. Captain and Quartermaster Charles Quarell, Suffolk Regiment.

CIVILIAN.

John Cansfield, general manager and a director of Lipton, Limited.

Archibald Minto, formerly head of military department of Lipton, Limited.

James C. Craig, was general manager of the military departments of Lipton, Limited, in Ireland.

Daniel Lynch, manager of the canteen department of Lipton, Limited, for Ireland.

Andrew Laing, military manager of the Aldershot department of Lipton, Limited; been in the service of the firm for about ten years.

Frederick William Owen, an inspector in connection with the Salisbury branch of the military department of Lipton, Limited.

Edward Arthur Pepley, formerly an inspector of the military department of Lipton, Limited, in the Colchester district, but left the firm about two years ago.

Alfred Swain, indoor shorthand clerk in military department of Lipton, Limited.

It was explained that Minto was too unwell to appear, and that the summons against Lieutenants Burns and Johnson (who were also absent) had not been served.

The counsel in the case are:—

For the Director of Public Prosecutions: Mr. R. D. Muir, Mr. Travers Humphreys and Mr. Orme B. Clarke.

For the Eight Officers: Mr. Ernest Wild, K.C., Mr. Edmund Brown and Mr. Curtis Bennett (instructed by Messrs. Kinsley, Wood and Co., and Messrs. Crossman and Pritchard).

For Minto: Mr. Ernest Charles, K.C.

For Cansfield: Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., and Mr. Walter Frampton.

For Craig: Mr. A. H. Bodkin.

For Lynch: Mr. Artemus Jones.

For Laing: Mr. George Elliott, K.C., and Mr. Huntly Jenkins.

For Owen, Pepley and Swain: Mr. Comyns Carr.

The solicitors for all the civilian defendants are Messrs. Neve, Beck and Kirby.

So crowded was the court that they were pressed into half the room necessary to accommodate them.

"BRIBED TO SHOW FAVOUR."

Before the case for the prosecution was opened, Mr. G. H. Elliott, K.C., for Mr. Andrew Laing, submitted that instead of one omnibus charge of conspiracy against defendants, each summons ought to have contained a definite and specific charge, and he asked that the summons against Mr. Laing be discharged.

Sir John Dickinson said he must take the evidence against defendant, but he had made a note of the objection.

Dr. Campbell Thompson then went into the box and said he had seen and examined Mr. Minto in Paris. His condition absolutely precluded the possibility of his coming to England. He was very weak, and was suffering from heart trouble and malarial fever.

Mr. Muir, in opening the case, said it would be shown that Army officers had been bribed to show

(Continued on page 4.)

KING ALFONSO GOES SKATING.



King Alfonso on the ice with two young girls. Both his Majesty and his consort are enthusiastic about skating.

LOVE BY WIRELESS.



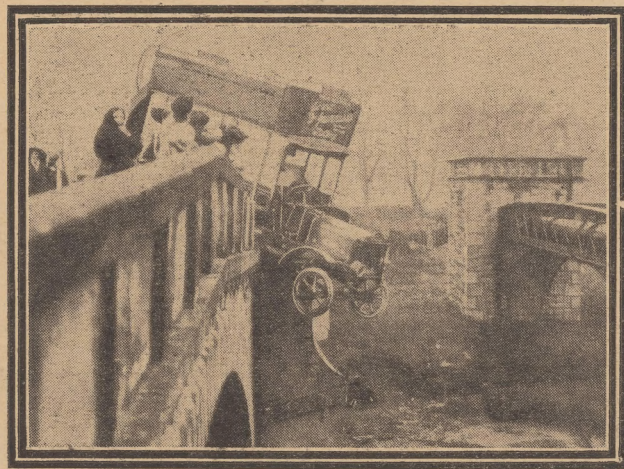
Miss Maud Andrews, the actress, who has accepted a "wireless" proposal of marriage.

DISLIKES ENGLISH.



Lord Ashbourne, who says the continual speaking of English deforms the mouth.—(Vandyk.)

STRANGE MOTOR-BUS ACCIDENT.



A strange accident occurred at Swalwell, a little village near Newcastle, when a motor-omnibus nearly fell over the Dawdon Bridge. The picture shows the fore-part of the vehicle suspended in mid-air.

GRAND OLD MAN OF CANADA ILL.

Condition of Lord Strathcona Gives
Rise to Anxiety.

POOR BOY TO PEER.

The condition of Lord Strathcona, the High Commissioner for Canada, who has been suffering with a cold for some days past, gives rise to some anxiety. On inquiry yesterday it was stated that he was very weak.

Lord Strathcona, who is ninety-three years of age, suffered a terrible blow by the death of his wife, at the age of eighty-eight, last November.

Which is the more remarkable thing about the career of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal—that he went to Canada a penniless youth in the year after Queen Victoria ascended the throne and became one of the richest men in the world, or that at the age of ninety-three he continued to fulfil the responsible and arduous duties of High Commissioner of Canada?

Donald Smith was the name of the lad who sailed from Scotland to Canada in 1838, then a six weeks' voyage. He passed ten years at the St. Lawrence ports, and then, a hardy Scot of twenty-eight, went to Labrador, where he remained for sixteen years as a trader in pelts for the Hudson Bay Company.

FACTOR TO GOVERNOR.

Becoming a "factor" in the company, he rose at length in 1880 to be its governor. He entered politics as member for Winnipeg, which through him became the great wheat market of the West, and it was he, above all others, who created the Canadian Pacific Railway, the chain of which has bound together the eastern and western provinces of Canada and made her a nation.

In 1897 he came to reside in London as High Commissioner for the Dominion. Since then the Atlantic has been literally a ferry to him, for he has made no more of a trip to Canada than most London business men would of a trip to Paris or Berlin, and has maintained no fewer than nine residences, some on each side of the Atlantic.

And so, in August, 1897, the poor emigrant of 1838 became "Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal" of Gloucester, Argyllshire, and Montreal, Canada.

He owed much to his wonderful physique and vitality. As a young man he journeyed 500 miles by dog-sled in the depth of winter, both his Indians dying on the track.

The personality and career of the man are romantic in the highest degree. But linked with his career are two other romances—his lifelong devotion to his wife and his friendship of over sixty years with Lord Mount Stephen, the Grand Old Man of Canada, nine years younger than himself.

George Stephen became Lord Mount Stephen in 1894, at the age of sixty-two, and was head of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the creation of which he was closely associated throughout with Lord Strathcona, till 1888.

Lady Strathcona was Miss Isabella Hardisty, daughter of a Hudson Bay trader, when she married, much more than half a century ago, young Donald Smith.

They had one child only, now the Hon. Mrs. Robert Bliss Howard, wife of Dr. Robert Bliss Howard of Queen Anne-street, Coventry-square. Mrs. Howard will succeed by special remainder to the title, and her eldest son will be the next Lord Strathcona. It is a coincidence that Lord Mount Stephen has no children; in his case the title will become extinct on his death.

RIEL REBELS.

In 1860 Lord Strathcona acted as special Commissioner to negotiate with the Riel rebels, against whom the Red River expedition was sent out under Lord Wolseley. His tact and wisdom were then fully displayed, and Donald Smith became for the first time a celebrity on this side of the Atlantic.

His great deeds for the Empire are many and various. His charity, generosity and patriotism have covered the widest fields. He equipped Strathcona's Horse—a force of 600 men—entirely at his own cost when the South African war broke out in 1899. He helped in the House of Lords to win the fight for the legalisation in the United Kingdom of marriages with sisters of deceased wives contracted in the Colonies.

The extraordinary vigour and industry of his old age have become proverbial. He has been accustomed to attend at his office in Victoria-street, S.W., for many hours daily, whenever in or near London. "I have breakfast at 9 a.m. and dinner at 9 p.m.," he would say, "and that gives me eleven hours daily for work." He was a constant diner-out, both publicly and privately, but ate and drank always very sparingly. His watchword was "duty," and he systematically did it as quietly as possible, never losing his temper or "fussing."

(Photographs on page 9.)

UNIONIST LAND POLICY DEFINED

In making his first appearance at a public meeting since his illness last summer, Mr. Walter Long delivered an important speech at Holloway on Saturday.

Mr. Long defined the official urban land policy of the Unionist Party as follows:—

- (1) Facilities for continuity of tenure of industrial tenants in London or in big towns under reasonable conditions; or, failing them, that they should be entitled to compensation if they lose their tenancies.
- (2) Reasonable compensation for improvements effected by tenants which added clearly to the letting value of the property.
- (3) Protection or relief from unreasonable covenants in leases which interfered with the development of the property.

The meeting cheered Mr. Long's insistence that the tribunal to be set up should be independent of the Government, of Parliament, or of the public.

WIRELESS LOVE MESSAGES AT SEA.

Romance of Actress's Engagement
to Ship's Officer.

"ARE WE ENGAGED?"

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—Miss Maude Andrews, one of the leading actresses in Mr. Cyril Maude's company now appearing in "Grumpy" at Wallack's Theatre, consented to-day by wireless to marry Chief Officer Haddon Miles, of the Royal Mail steamer Caribbean.

This fascinating romance of sea and stage has been brought about under circumstances.

Before sailing for Bermuda on Thursday Mr. Miles told me that Miss Andrews had visited the ship for ten minutes that day and said she would marry him.

Miss Andrews, however, was apparently not so sure that a definite arrangement had been come to, for on the following day she sent her suitor the following wireless message: "Did you say we were engaged? It is very embarrassing to me. Please reply."

"INCORRECT. BUT WILL YOU?"

Though Mr. Miles's vessel was travelling in the teeth of a nor-west gale, he promptly marooned back: "Incorrect, but will you?"

"To-day the actress answered 'Yes,' and Cupid's mission by wireless was happily achieved.

The engagement will be announced in the New York Press to-morrow.

The Caribbean returns here on Tuesday, but after a stop of only eight hours will be off again.

The marriage will take place as soon as Mr. Miles gets sufficient leave. Miss Andrews resides at Mitcham.

MR. W. O'BRIEN RESIGNS.

Independent Nationalist to Seek Re-election for Cork City.

Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., the Independent Nationalist leader, has resigned his seat as M.P. for Cork City.

"I have applied to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and intend to present myself again for your suffrages at the polls," writes Mr. O'Brien in an address.

The defeat of the candidates of the All-Ireland League in most of the wards at the recent municipal elections, owing to those obscure and squalid influences which usually prevail in ward politics has been seized upon by the ring-leaders and official organs of Mr. Redmond's party to boast, in the most offensive terms, that the programme of conference, conciliation and consent has lost the confidence of the people of Cork."

Mr. O'Brien complains of attacks of drunken mobs upon the houses of inoffensive citizens to the execrable battle-cry of "Up with the Mollies!"

"They have thought the present a patriotic moment to challenge my right to speak for the people of Cork at the polls, and they have undertaken to wipe off the face of the earth every man who shares my convictions and disputes their ascendancy."

"This is a matter in which there must be no possible ground left for equivocation as to the relations between the people of Cork and myself."

"Wherever there can be the slightest doubt as to the feeling of the people on such an issue I recognize that the only democratic way of solving the doubt is by promptly consulting the people at the polls."

MYTHICAL MILLIONAIRE.

A sentence of six months' hard labour was passed upon Ralph M. Harvey, a fitter, of Bradford, at Pontefract, on Saturday, for obtaining £12,500 by false pretences from Oliver Smith, his uncle, a draper, of Leeds.

The prisoner represented that he was in partnership with a Scottish millionaire, and, believing his statement that he would get 20 per cent. interest for his money in the various companies, Mr. Smith said all his property and handed prisoner the sum named.

Investigation showed that the millionaire was a myth.

GERMAN POISONER TO DIE.

FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN, Jan. 17.—The trial of Wilhelm Hopf on charges of having poisoned his father, his first wife, and his two children, and of attempting to poison his mother and his second and third wives, was concluded here to-day.

The prisoner was found guilty and was sentenced on the first count to death, and on the second fifteen years' penal servitude. Hopf received his sentence with composure.

Experts testified to the presence of large quantities of arsenic in the remains of all the victims including the mother, who was cremated, and of the second wife.—Reuter.

WAITER'S £10 A WEEK IN TIPS.

"I looked through my pawn-tickets last night and I had a nightmare," a head waiter told Mr. Justice Horridge, who was hearing judgment summons on Saturday. He said he was once able to make £10 a week in tips, but was lucky now to make £2 10s.

STORY OF "BRIBES" FOR CONTRACTS.

Remarkable Correspondence Between Officers and Lipton's Employees Read at Opening of Army Canteen Case.

(Continued from page 3.)

favour to a corporate person, Lipton, Limited. Mr. Muir examined that Lieutenant Burns and Johnson were on their way home from India. Besides the persons named in the summons, said counsel, and now serving or having served in the Army, it was only right to say that inquiries were made, and it might become necessary to add other names to the list.

In the course of the evidence many other names of persons serving or having served in the Army must be mentioned, and with regard to persons subject to military law, it may be that a military tribunal will deal with them.

The civil group of defendants were divided into principals and subordinates, continued Mr. Muir.

Mr. Craig is, or was until recently, manager of the military department of Lipton, Limited, in Dublin, and Mr. Lynch is, or was manager of the military department for the rest of Ireland. Mr. Leung is, or was, the principal clerk of the military department of Lipton, Limited, at the head office, City-road, E.C. Mr. Owen was inspector for Lipton, Limited, in the Salisbury Plain district. Mr. Pegley was inspector for Lipton, Limited, in the Aldershot district. Mr. Swain still the principal clerk of the military department of Lipton, Limited, at the head office, City-road, E.C.

"Those are the subordinates of the civil defendants," said counsel.

The principals are, first, Archibald Minto, who held a somewhat anomalous position in the business of Lipton, Limited. He is said to have been manager of the General Stores Department, and he was the head of the Naval and Military Department. Although not a director, he took a very prominent part in the working of the business of the firm. Mr. John Canfield, who was the business manager of Lipton, Limited, at a later date than Mr. Minto. He is a director of the company and general manager of it.

WAR OFFICE INQUIRY.

Stating the position of the prosecution, Mr. Muir said that Mr. Sawyer, who was called as a witness, left the employment of Lipton, Ltd., and entered the service of a civil firm called The Canteen Mess Society. By doing so he broke his contract with Lipton's, who commenced an action against him.

This was settled in October, 1911, and a year later, October, 1912, a statement appeared in the Press in connection with some other person. In consequence of that statement, Mr. Sawyer was called upon to interview his then employers.

Finally the War Office held an inquiry last year, which Mr. Sawyer was asked to attend.

THE CANTEEN SYSTEM.

The evidence which would be called arose out of the working of a system of provisioning known as the "canteen" system of canteens.

Under this system firms who catered entered into contracts with officers representing units of the men. The ordinary price for a contract was £17 to £20 for a mess supplying 100 men.

The best of whether the work was well done or not was whether complaints had been frequent or numerous as regarded the catering that had been carried out.

The mediums through which complaints could be made, could be manufactured, could be smoothed over, or suppressed, were the quartermasters and sergeant-majors—the quartermasters with regard to the regiment generally, and sergeant-majors with regard to the regimental mess.

Evidence would be called to show that these classes of officers were the subject of organisation by persons connected with Lipton's military canteens.

The person most able to give evidence as to what had been done was Mr. Sawyer. While at Lipton's (said Mr. Muir) he had been in a post between the heads of the department that provided funds for the bribes and the inspectors who distributed them.

"DOUBLE-HANDED GAME."

Mr. Sawyer entered the service of Lipton, Limited, in 1903, at a salary of £200 a year and commission. At that time a Mr. Mitchell, who was head of the naval and military departments, instructed him (Sawyer) how to approach sergeant-majors and quartermasters, also to find out from them "what they wanted." "But I understand," said Mr. Muir, "means how much they wanted."

At first (said Mr. Muir) bribery did not take place through Sawyer's hands; it was done over his head. But the system of bribery was in full force in February, 1903, when he entered Lipton's service. The canteen business grew with the payment of bribes.

Mr. Muir first outlined the case against Hon. Lieutenant and Quartermaster William James Armstrong, who from 1907 until 1909 was stationed at Warley. In the district, at Colchester, was Mr. Pegley, an inspector for Lipton, Limited. A letter was written by Mr. Pegley to Mr. Sawyer containing the phrase:—

Yours of the 16th, containing £5, received; Warley to-morrow (Monday).

When Sawyer wanted money for bribes (said Mr. Muir) he had to go to Mr. Canfield, his superior, or to Mr. Minto for authority to apply to the cashier for it.

In Mr. Canfield's time the method was for Sawyer to take with him a memorandum book to which the names of the persons who were to be bribed. Sometimes he gave the names of their regiments also.

"HAV'G GOT THE IRISH GUARDS."

Upon Mr. Canfield being satisfied that the money was required, he wrote a slip authorising Sawyer to draw it from the cashier. "Pegley, Armstrong, Warley, £5," was on one memorandum written by counsel, and the number of the banknote sent to Armstrong.

On March 20, Lieutenant Armstrong had apparently written from Aldershot, when he had been removed, to Pegley:—

All right, Pegley. Now you go on with the Quesset's. All right, Pegley. We are getting on very nicely. Since our arrival here the firm have got the Irish Guards. And here was a postscript, which said, "I have not

heard from 'S' this quarter. Just remind him." After that there was a memorandum by Swain showing that £5 was sent to W. J. Armstrong, of the 1st Norfolk Regiment.

The receipt was as follows:—"April 7. O.K., with thanks—W. J. A." Sergeant-Major Bennett, of the West Riding Regiment, counsel continued, was stationed at Tebworth, Salisbury Plain, from January, 1909, to September, 1911, which was in Mr. Owen's district.

In a letter from Owen to Sawyer, it was stated:—"I believe the West Endings is looking for his half-yearly. I major of the West Endings was looking for a memorandum showing that £5 was sent to the canteen manager, to whom Bennett gave a receipt."

In the case of Lieutenant Johnson, Mr. Muir read a letter from Pegley to Sawyer, containing the passage:—Yours to hand containing Bank of England note £5, which will be handed to 'J' in gold on Tuesday." "J," said counsel, was Johnson, of the 4th Hussars, at that time at Colchester.

The defendant Kelly was formerly at Bulford Camp, and in a letter in February, 1909, showed that he was inquiring for his usual bribe.

"O K" HERE.

The next name on the list, said Mr. Muir, was that of Captain and Quartermaster George Edward Mitchell, of the Devon Regiment.

It was known in the summer of 1908 that the Devon Regiment was about to be moved to Malta, and at an informal meeting of directors of Lipton's it was suggested that a special effort should be made to get that regiment's business at Malta.

On June 16, 1909, a letter was written by Mitchell from Crete to Mr. Sawyer, in which he said:—

Yours of the 9th to hand to-day with enclosures, for Mr. A. G. H. I have not yet had time to write you O.K. here. Kind regards to Mr. Minto and yourself from me.

On August 27 there was a letter written by Mitchell to Sawyer. Part of that letter was missing, in which, according to Mr. Sawyer, the receipt of £25 was acknowledged.

"DAZZLING TEMPTATIONS."

Counsel read another letter which was marked "Strictly confidential," and which he said showed how these men were all working together for the common purpose of getting bribes for themselves and others. In the letter occurred the passage:—

Since I last wrote I have been approached by several people to see if I would use my influence I may have in getting them the coffee shop or the refuge, or the regimental mess, or the canteen. I have not yet given them a start in the regiment. Needless to say I have turned a deaf ear to them all, but there is one I should like to bring to your notice. I received a note from him. He came to me and said he would like to do business with me. He said he was a very capable and dazzling temptations, and the only way I could shake him off was by telling him to apply to me in writing and I would show it to the commanding officer.

When it was decided, said counsel, that no more bribes could be sent to Malta, Mitchell wrote a somewhat indignant letter, saying:—

Adverting to your letter of November last, I think the firm should keep their promise to me and not throw me over at a moment's notice for no reason whatever. As you know, I have had to give up my post at one time and another for the firm, and I cannot help thinking I am being treated in a shabby manner.

In consequence of that request, Mr. Muir continued, Sawyer prepared a memorandum which he submitted to Mr. Canfield. This memorandum included £50 for Mitchell and sums to four other men at Malta.

WANTED MORE CASH.

The next case, Mr. Muir went on to say, related to Captain and Quartermaster Charles George of the Suffolk Regiment, who retired from the Army in 1913. From 1907 to 1910 he was in Malta, and a Swain memorandum referred to three £5 notes having been sent him there.

Dealing with the case of civilians, Mr. Muir said that on June 30, 1907, Craig wrote to Mr. Minto:—

The two people in the canteens are looking for and cashing the money. Sergeant-Major Bennett says very strong hints to Mr. M. He has it in his power to make things unpleasant for us, and no doubt he will. I understand that he should be in receipt of a monthly allowance. . . . It is a very disagreeable position to be in, and it shows the rotten state of affairs that men such as they should in the face of a strict law struggle so hard for the £5, 2s. and run such risks.

In another letter, marked "Strictly private," Craig wrote referring to the fact that an employee in the Irish department of Lipton's named Savage, who was being dismissed, threatened to expose the system of bribery and ruin the firm.

Craig urged that some sacrifice must be made to keep Sawyer on his side, and that he should be got out of Ireland as soon as possible.

PROMISE OF £10.

Referring to the case of Lynch, Mr. Muir read a letter which the defendant wrote to Sawyer, in which he referred to his being able to "get at" certain officers in the Royal Welsh and Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Lynch mentioned that he had had to promise £10 to the "party," in the former regiment and £5 to the "party," in the latter regiment before they would sign the contract.

Mr. Muir next read correspondence which passed between Owen and Sawyer.

Owen mentioned the names of two firms who paid regimental sergeants £2 10s. per month and the quartermaster-sergeants 10s. per month. Subsequently Owen wrote stating that he had paid three quartermasters serving in one of the brigades stationed at Salisbury 10s. each.

Dealing with the case of Pegley, Mr. Muir read letters purporting to show that that defendant had also been guilty of paying bribes to officers in certain regiments for getting orders.

Finally, counsel came to the case of Swain, and mentioned that that defendant came into all the other cases as being the clerk in Lipton's employ.

After Mr. Muir had spoken for two hours the case was adjourned.

VAIN SEARCH FOR LOST SUBMARINE.

Women Waiting for Sea to Give
Up Its Dead.

MAY NEVER BE RAISED.

PLYMOUTH, Jan. 18.—The women are still waiting for the sea to give up its dead.

All that they can see in the dusk, as they stand watching, watching and looking out across the wild waste of heaving, sullen waters, are the twinkling lights of Looe Island, Port Wrinkle and Downbury.

Somewhere between there men lie, cold and stark, trapped in a steel chamber of death twenty-four fathoms below the surface.

The women's eyes are dry and tearless now, for their old life seems a long while ago.

PRICE OF ADMIRALTY.

And it is small, pitifully small, satisfaction to know that their menfolk are heroes with Drake. The price of admiralty has indeed been paid in full. Not only has the sea claimed its full toll, but it has refused to give up the gallant dead.

The disaster to the A7 has become the mystery of the A7. Carelessly to and fro, backwards and forwards, ever since she went down a fleet of search boats, specially equipped, have been looking for her within a fairly spacious area, and not a trace of her has been found.

The dancing green sea of Whitesand Bay has swallowed her up, blotted her out from human ken. To us who wait on shore it seems incredible that nothing can be seen of her. For two nights we have watched the tugs return, and each time the reply has been the same: "Cannot see a trace of her." The searchers are utterly baffled. With the dawn this morning they went out for the third day. The little fleet this time consisted of three destroyers, one torpedo-boat and two special sweeping craft.

I was allowed to get quite near to them. They proceeded to the approximate scene of the disaster, and then followed a grim sort of dance of death.



LIEUTENANT WELMAN.—(Russell.)

First parties were chosen; two destroyers paired off together; another destroyer chose a torpedo-boat, and the two sweeping craft remained together.

A strong steel hawser was slung between each couple, and this was loaded until it dragged on the bed of the sea.

Then commenced a tragic sort of Sir Roger de Coverley—up and middle and down the sides of a square mile of area without ever stopping.

Hour after hour this grim dance went on, with divers waiting ready for the first word of location.

"NO TRACE WHATSOEVER."

I was fortunate in being able to see the representative of the Naval Commander-in-Chief this afternoon.

"No trace whatever of the boat," he said, "has been found. An obstruction was struck, but on inspection it proved to be a rock. That is all that has been encountered. We have no particular theory as to why she went down. We are only satisfied for certain that there was no collision. With regard to the difficulty of locating her, she had a certain amount of negative buoyancy, and may have drifted along the bottom."

The salvage boat will arrive to-morrow. If the divers find that the A7 is too deep an endeavour will be made to fix lines under her from above, but if that is collected any slit this will be practically impossible. In the event of a successful result in doing anything a burial service will be held out at sea."

In the town, especially among the womenfolk, many bitter things are being said about the use of such old submarines as the A type.

Mrs. Venning, the widow of Chief-Engineer-Artificer Richard Venning, told me her husband was only acting as a substitute for a man who was ill.

"I was always against him going in a submarine," she said in a grief-stricken voice, "but we had a lot of trouble and the extra money they gave for that sort of work was very useful, and that was why my husband volunteered."

"He knew that I hated the idea and so he never told me for some time."

"It has been cruel. He was working on the Onyx the day before the accident, and only went on the submarine at the last moment."

There are four children altogether, an invalid daughter, aged seventeen, and three boys, aged eleven, five and four.

Nagle was in C14 when she sank off Devil's Point on December 17.

Lieutenant Welman had only recently succeeded to the Trearthenick estate, Cornwall, on the death of his aunt, Lady Molewsworth.

On Page 11—"Marking Down" at the Shoppe; Is a Tidy Husband a Nuisance? Discouraged Economy; Turkish Bath Fashions.



Mr. George Elliott, K.C.

criminal Bar just now. I should say the choice would fall between Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., and Mr. George Elliott, K.C. Mr. Elliott has established his reputation by very sound methods. He had an uphill fight at first, but his natural eloquence and keen gifts as a cross-examiner soon brought him into great request as a defender of prisoners.

Jury Advocates.

Like Mr. Marshall Hall and Mr. Ernest Wild, Mr. Elliott is essentially "a jury advocate." A generation ago you could have named twenty or thirty good "jury advocates," but the type is dying out. Apart from criminal proceedings, the custom of trying a case before a Judge without a jury is distinctly on the increase.

The Foundations of Fortune.

The many friends of Sir Thomas Lipton will agree that he is anything but a snob. It was Sir Thomas who said to some friends: "Every time I see a pig I feel inclined to raise my hat."

Tact and Feeling.

Sir Thomas has a great deal of social tact and intuitive genius. He can perform a delicate duty with the most delicate precision. It was Sir Thomas who, after witnessing the tragic death of Rolls at Bournemouth, went to the parents and broke the awful news.

Almost U P with the O.P. Dinner.

Lord Willoughby de Broke and Miss Dorothy Ward had a nasty accident while motoring outside Manchester. Both were, fortunately, uninjured, and they will duly appear at the O.P. Pantomime dinner next Sunday.

The Actress Who Doesn't Grow Up.

In a few days' time Miss Pauline Chase will have played Peter Pan on 1,200 occasions.

In the Strand.

"Oh! peace, peace to him that is far off." This is a new inscription seen in the Strand, near Charing Cross, which is illuminated at night.

A Dancing Star.

Mlle Adeline Genée, who has announced her intention to retire from the stage, is the daughter of a Hungarian dancer and the niece of a Danish ballet master. Her love of dancing manifested itself at a very early age, and at nine she made her first public appearances at Christiania and at Copenhagen. Genée is absolutely devoted to her art, and practises two hours a day, rarely taking a holiday, because even two weeks' abstinence from practice hardens the muscles, and causes excruciating pain when dancing is resumed.



Mlle. Genée.

APPEAL TO DEAD BOY.

Weeping Mother's Pathetic Entreaty at Funeral of Willie Starchfield.

"Tell me, Willie, dear, who it was before you go," moaned Mrs. Starchfield, as she collapsed at the graveside, on Saturday, of her son, the little boy who was found murdered in a North London train last Thursday week.

She wept both before and after this agonised appeal to her dead boy to reveal how he was murdered.

Thousands of people watched the funeral ceremony in Kensal Green Cemetery, performed by Father Casserly, the Roman Catholic chaplain.

There were many beautiful wreaths, that from the mother bearing the words: "From mother to her darling boy."

It took the form of an arch of white chrysanthemums, orchids and arum lilies and lilies of the valley, and at the top of it was a small cross.

One wreath bore no indication whence it came, and only had the following words upon it: "A gift to little Willie from a sympathetic friend."

The father also attended the funeral, walking some distance behind his wife and her relatives. The inscription on the coffin was: "William Starchfield, died January 8, 1914, in his sixth year." The mother said that this was the correct spelling of the name.

Street hawkers sold large quantities of memorial cards with a portrait of the dead boy on them.

There is no clue yet to the mystery of the poor little fellow's murder.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

A Sound Leader.

Someone has been asking who is the most popular leader at the Comédie Française. Other knights are Mme. Adeline Patti and Mme. Rose Caron, of the Paris Opera House.

Ladies of Honour.

Sarah Bernhardt is not the only French actress to be a Knight of the Legion of Honour. Another is Mme. Bartet, of the Comédie Française. Other knights are Mme. Adeline Patti and Mme. Rose Caron, of the Paris Opera House.

Harbingers of Spring.

Crocuses, snowdrops, violets, primroses, marigolds, roses and wallflowers are in full bloom at Hersham (Surrey), where lilac trees are also in leaf.

Mr. C. P. Little.

They always say that a man with a nickname is a man with many friends. It was certainly so in the case of Mr. C. P. Little, whose death has just been announced. "C. P." as people called him, was one of the most celebrated of all those who are known vaguely as "men about town." He went "everywhere." He knew "everybody." And consequently after having been an actor, and a very good actor, he became a writer and wrote about everybody he knew. Until a few weeks before his death he contributed regularly to these columns.

"People" and Dress.

"People" and dress were his subjects—he knew who everybody was and whom one ought to know. And he knew about dress. You felt certain that as you saw him white-gloved, rubicund, correct, at the opera night after night, "spotting" well-known people by the aid of an immense pair of binoculars. He wore a flower in his buttonhole. "Why no flower, C. P.?" I said to him one night when he happened to be without the adornment. "Young man," he answered very serenely, "rather ask why is your tie so small? Those small ties have gone out. Eh? What?"

A White Top Hat.

A good story used to be told of "C. P." in this connection. He found himself once at a fashionable race meeting in a lovely shining new top hat; but observed in the Royal Stand that King Edward had a grey topper. This was awful. King Edward liked "C. P." and "C. P." revered King Edward. They met at race meetings, and at Marienbad "C. P." had lunched with his Majesty. So now he chartered a fast taxi, sent it back to town, told it to go to Lincoln and Bennett's, and to come back with a grey topper at once. "And I say, cabby, a black band. Eh? What?" Poor "C. P.!" We hope they dress well in Paradise!

Where Was Lee-Temple?

I was present at the "upside-down" dinner given to the airmen Hucks and Hamel at the Royal Automobile Club. Almost everybody who was anybody at Hendon was present, but there was one notable absentee. Where was young Lee-Temple?



The latest portrait of Miss Yvonne Arnaud, who is such a success in "The Girl Who Didn't" at the Lyric Theatre.

The Way of Ellen.

"Isn't she a dear!" exclaimed several women in the pit at the revival of "The Darling of the Gods" at His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday night. "And she doesn't know where to find her seat," said another as Miss Ellen Terry walked down the wrong gangway and had to return again and enter the right gangway.

At Last.

Sir Herbert Tree was "word perfect," as the actors say, in his rôle in "The Darling of the Gods" at His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday night.

The Magic of the Gods.

A distinguished dramatist said to me on Saturday night at His Majesty's: "Isn't it a treat to see an audience really enthralled?" The magic of "The Darling of the Gods" was as potent as ever. Miss Marie Lohr scored a personal triumph.

A Lightning Artist.

The late Tom Browne, whose early death was so universally deplored, and an exhibition of whose drawings and paintings is now being held in the rooms of the London Sketch Club, was veritably a lightning artist. A well-known author who writes much for magazines once proposed to the artist a joint article on his experience in "furrin parts," and asked him to do him some "roughs" to show to the editor in order that he might select two or three for more careful treatment.

In the Rough.

Browne grabbed a dozen sheets of rough drawing-paper, found a stubby pencil and began to cover the twenty minutes he had done a dozen, and the author carried them to the editor for his careful inspection. He told the great man they were only "roughs," and that "T. B." would make careful drawings of any he should select. Said the wise editor: "I'll select them all, and I'll have them just as they are. To touch them would be to spoil them."

The Shopper's Dog.

A correspondent asks me to make an urgent appeal to women dog owners who go shopping either to leave their dogs at home or to tie them up safely when they enter shops. I have frequently seen unhappy terriers hunting for their mistresses with a look of agonised anxiety in the crowded shopping thoroughfares.

Tango Postcards Popular.

The tango may be dying or dead, but the tango picture postcards still appeal to the public, judging by their ready sale. The picture postcard albums, I imagine, take a lot of them, for there are a surprising number of people who persistently collect picture postcards.

Stage Manageress.

At the recent amateur theatricals which took place at Tullymore Park, Co. Down, Lady Roden acted as stage manager. "Cousin Kate" and "Why Women Weep" were the plays given, and I am told Lady Roden was most effective in the discharge of stage managerial duties. Perhaps her success will point the way to a new profession for women.

Lady Roden.

An Old Savoyard.

It can hardly be said that the tragic death of poor Richard Green came as a surprise to his friends in Bohemian London, although the manner of it was, of course, an awful shock. For some time past the once popular Savoyard had been a ghost of himself, and towards the end he was the bitterest ghost I ever met.

Nurses for Nerves.

It is getting to be quite a fad among idle rich women to keep trained nurses on their premises. I don't know whether the strain of modern life is telling on modern women or whether they just like to have someone to pet and gossip with them.

Mr. Volny at the Palace.

There has been a change in the management of the Palace. Mr. Claud Marnet has left and Mr. Maurice Volny has taken his place. Most of us expected that the change would have taken place some months ago. Anyhow, Mr. Volny, who has been stage manager at the Palace ever since he relinquished the management at the old Standard, will be enormously popular. Better late than never!

A Great Compliment.

Mr. Benrimo, of "The Yellow Jacket" fame, writes to me from Berlin to say that he is producing "The Yellow Jacket" for Max Reinhardt at the Deutscher Theatre. This is really a remarkable compliment to Mr. Benrimo, when we remember Reinhardt's reputation as a producer.

"Chivvy" at the "Tivv."

In a week or so's time Mr. Albert Chevalier will appear once again at the Tivoli. This was the scene of some of his earliest triumphs, and it will be interesting to see how the old spell is renewed.

The Nigger Boom.

One of the most remarkable things in the entertainment world during the past year has been the revival of the nigger minstrel. Three years ago we mourned him as dead, and artists who "blackened up" could not get engagements on the stage in England or America. Now one of the most popular of the nigger tribe, Mr. Charles Hart, at present appearing at the Tivoli, says there is a rage all over America for "nigger turns." The nigger minstrel may not be intellectual, but he provides a very harmless entertainment.

THE RAMBLER.



Mr. Charles Hart.

ADMIRER HIS OWN TOMB.

American Lawyer Leaves £30,000 to Maintain "Bread Line" as Memorial.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—Henry Gescheidt, a wealthy New York solicitor and a noted member of Tammany, who died recently, left £30,000 to establish a fund for the maintenance of a "bread line" that will perpetuate his memory amongst New York's homeless poor.

The first "bread line" was established and maintained for years by a baker at Broadway and Ninth-street, who at midnight throughout the winter for fifty years gave his loaf of bread and a cup of coffee to all applicants.

The men and women formed in a long queue at the bakery, and this queue became known as the "bread line."

To his will Gescheidt directs that the loaves of bread his legacy will supply shall bear his name in raised letters.

The deceased was buried in Greenwood Cemetery yesterday in an ornate tomb, which he had specially designed.

It is surmounted by a life-size bronze figure of himself, and on a fine Sunday it was his custom to take the cemetery and admire his tomb, which occupies the plot of ground next to the late Mayor Gaynor's grave.

By falls on the frozen snow, says a Reuter Madrid message, thirty-six people were seriously injured during the week-end.

LOVE SONG READ TO JURY

Man Explains Attack on Girl by Saying Devil Prompted Him.

A love song written to a girl was read to the jury at the Old Bailey on Saturday before Charles Beever, an optician, was found guilty of wounding Marion Hutchings, of Highgate, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the second division.

Mr. Waldo Briggs, prosecuting, said the girl was about twenty years of age, and from sixteen she had been on terms of close friendship with Beever, but left him about two months ago.

On December 8 he called to see her, and after a quarrel he took out a razor and cut her seriously on the nose and hands. To a policeman who was brought by the brother, prisoner said he only wanted to cut her hair off to disfigure her.

Marion Hutchings gave evidence, and stated that she had twice left Beever before.

Counsel: As a matter of fact, he has shown his love for you in many ways, and he has written a song about you. Do you remember these words of the chorus—

Sweet Marion, sweet Marion,
'Tis but your name in memory.
'Tis but one song, one melody,
'Tis but my dreams recall.
As night winds murmur on,
Dear love, dear life, my all,
Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweet Marion.

The jury and the witness laughed at the lines, but when counsel said he would give them a second verse a juror cried: "Spare us!"

Prisoner in his evidence said he was still passionately fond of the girl.

NO TIPS, NO ARRESTS.

Presents to Police a Kind of Insurance—Editor Fined for Telling Truth.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Jan. 18.—"Without money we can do nothing. Presents given to us are a kind of insurance for well-to-do people."

This was the defence made by the Cologne police during a recent inquiry into statements by the editor of a Cologne paper, that the police of the town proportioned their activity in a case to the tips and presents made to them.

The editor in question supported his statements by proof. Prosecuted by the Prefect of Police for libel he was fined £25 and costs.

The Court found that "the police had been guilty of corruption," but that "though the editor clearly intended to remove abuses, he had gone too far."

"If your activity," the Judge asked one policeman, "was measured by the presents you received, what happened when a poor man had been robbed of the few halfpence he possessed?"

"There was no result to our inquiry," was the answer.

Even high officials, says the *Matin*, were involved.

Dr. Freitas, a Portuguese M.P., has lodged a formal accusation against the Prime Minister, Senhor Affonso Costa, charging him with abusing his Ministerial position to draw advantage as a lawyer.

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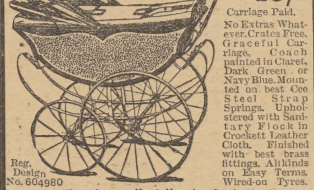
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Daily Mirror

MONDAY JANUARY 19, 1914.

BUSINESS AND BEAUTY.

HISTORIANS of London, trying to piece together a picture of the great city as it looked when it was smaller and more endurable, have told us with lamentations of the havoc wrought in picturesque streets and over splendid buildings by fires and plagues and other "natural" catastrophes.

But these past calamities were, even architecturally, their compensations. After the old beauty had been destroyed a new beauty, characteristic of another age, presently grew up to replace it; as when the Great Fire gave when his chance: so that now, indeed, we scarcely know whether we would care to have pointed St. Paul's back again, with its low central tower, in place of the pure Protestant masterpiece that has managed to preserve itself from the plague known, and excused, as Business.

Our point is that something new was taken out of the treasury of man's imagination to make up for the old thing vanished. Consequently, the loss of the old did not seem irremediable, as it does to-day.

For to-day a greater enemy than plague and fire is abroad to do away with pious memories in stone, and to-day nobody has genius to replace them. That is just the difference.

Before the excuse of Business everything has to go. Even a church has small chance, unless it happen to be a very big one, for religion, in conflict with Business, usually gives way, by the process of becoming Business, good business, itself. And the big churches only last on, no doubt, because they take up so much space that they would be missed if they went and their going would be noticed and make a scandal.

Nobody notices the going of the smaller beautiful things.

How many Londoners knew of the Hogarth House in Dean-street, now departing? How many have heard or care that Cloth Fair, one of the few old-fashioned streets still left, is doomed? Who wailed over the houses sacrificed in Crutched Friars and the neighbourhood? Why there were even some people who thought they liked St. James's Park better, when some gentlemen with German tastes turned it all into a Kaiser-Wilhelmstrasse, and detected Buckingham Palace, hideous, grim, in the process! No, this generation, slave of Business, doesn't know.

But as to caring?—does this generation care?

It cares when it gets abroad, and sees other nations busy destroying in obedience to Business. English people reproach the Italians with the ruin of Rome, for example. The Italians get very angry and say Rome isn't ruined, but looks splendid, with its cinemas and the Via Nazionale as a typical street. What they should say, however, is: "Hypocrites! Go back to London, remember your own vandalism!"

And then, beyond the mere knowing and caring, there is the question: Has beauty any rights?—any place in life?

It may have no place in *our* lives, but will the future need it? We all talk much flapp-doodle nowadays about "thinking of the future." What will the future, possibly not enslaved to Business, think of our treatment of things not our own, but only as it were left to us in usufruct—things that we, instead of handing on to others, wantonly waste and sacrifice to our immediate greedy notion that everything can be swept away, so long as Business profits in the sweeping.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

CURE OF COLDS.

YOUR correspondent "Optimus," who declares that since she adopted "Christian Science" and the "Higher Thought" her household had been free from colds, reminds me of the experience of a singer who continually sang flat. She was persuaded to try "Christian Science" as a remedy. After a fortnight's trial, which cost her £2 2s., she was convinced that she no longer sang flat, but her audience were not—they were, doubtless, not Christian Scientists.

WILL POWER.

I AM susceptible to colds, and the remarks of your correspondent, Kenneth H. H. Smith, appeal to me. They show keen observation. Mankind in general, noted for its superficial observation of things, and fond of judging by appearances, believes that one "catches" a cold.

Fallacious, to my mind—for how can an ailment

HOW MUCH TO GIVE.

A MAN whose income is £200 a year has to be fairly well dressed for the position. The least he has to pay for rent, rates and taxes is £5 a week (and there are very few earning £200 a year who pay as low as this), and presumably this does not come out of the "housekeeping money."

For the housekeeping money and wife's dress allowance suggested by "D. M. N." £130 a year is required. Putting the rent, rates and taxes at £5s. a week takes another £26 a year, making £161 a year, thus leaving £39 a year for the husband's personal expenses—i.e., travelling, lunches, pocket-money and, last, but not least, his own clothes; one must leave out the "presents" to the wife, as there would hardly be anything left for these.

May I ask whether your correspondent thinks it is equitable to allow the wife £26 for dress while

"ADAM'S PORTION."

Should Men Take Their Share of the Housework at Home?

THE lack of all sympathy that most men show for the work of the housewife is one of the chief causes of unhappiness and misunderstanding in married life. Your article gives a good indication of the sort of thing that often happens in British households.

The husband complains to his wife about the bad way things are going at the office. But does she complain to him of the bad way things are going in the house? Let her beware if she does! Her husband will certainly reproach her. This is surely one of the little unconscious egoisms of men.

Now, what I should much like to ask is this: Wouldn't it be better for wife and husband if they collaborated more than they do? Why shouldn't man as well as woman take a definite part in the work of every house? Men left alone—even wives die sometimes—are generally left at the mercy of some unfeeling landlady, housekeeper or male servant with a taste for stealing the wine. Why is that? Simply because our men do not think it necessary to know anything whatever of the work of a house, and so in their ignorance they are at the mercy of those who do know.

Men, in my opinion, should be self-sufficient and women, too. I mean that, if need be, all women should be able to earn their own living, and, in the same way, men for their part should know at least the elements of housekeeping, cooking, and looking after the domestic details of daily life. H. R. H. Somerset-place, Bath.

"W. M." seems to hold an odd opinion of the state of affairs in the average household. He shows the wife managing everything and the husband ignoring what goes on.

Far, far more often what happens is that the wife manages for a little, then mismanages, then goes to the husband for help.

Thus the husband (as "W. M." seems not to know) has two sorts of work—his business and the average worries in that place of worries known as home.

What we want for our women in England is not more sympathetic and indulgent husbands, but more brains. Also we want a system of education that shall teach women how to perform their life's work peacefully and well.

B. S.

Holland Park, W.

THE reason why married people quarrel and often part over the merest trifles is because marriage undoubtedly kills love.

Before marriage each imagines the other to be absolutely perfect, but afterwards when the ardour cools down and they notice the faults and imperfections in each other, the love soon vanishes.

I doubt if there is in the whole country a married couple who have over five years' standing who love anything left but a purely platonic affection for each other. REASON.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 18.—Let me mention three beautiful white roses that should be seen in all gardens where the "queen of flowers" is a feature. Frau Karl Druschki, of course, comes first, being one of our finest roses. It is a very strong grower, and should not be much pruned; if the long shoots are tied down a wonderful mass of flowers will result. This variety is very hardy.

Molly Sharnan Crawford is a delightful bedding rose, and is becoming popular everywhere. For forming a large bush Blanc Double de Coubert is most desirable; its blossoms are of the purest white and very sweetly scented.

E. F. T.

The seventh volume of Mr. Haselden's cartoons is now ready. It contains over a hundred of the best of those published during the past year. You may buy "Daily Mirror Reflections" for 6d. at any book-stall, or you may obtain it post free for 8d. from "The Daily Mirror," 25, Bouvierie-street, E.C. "Daily Mirror Reflections" makes an ideal gift for old and young.

HOW A DRAMATIC CRITIC MUST BEHAVE AT THE THEATRE.

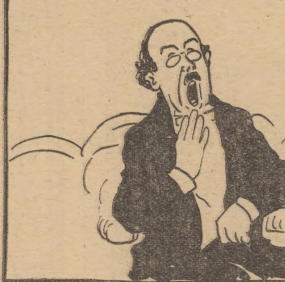
ENTERING ABOUT FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE CURTAIN HAS RISEN



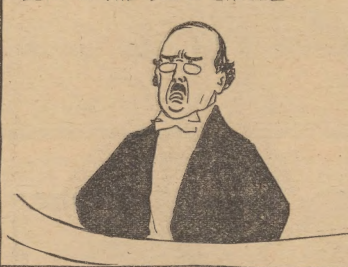
AT A SCREAMING FARCE



AT A GREAT TRAGEDY



WHEN HE HAS BEEN ALLOTTED A SEAT IN THE DRESS CIRCLE



AT A PLAY OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK



FORGETTING HIMSELF



It is against the rules for him to display any feeling but one of complete indifference towards the play, and it is a grievous breach of discipline if he should so far forget himself as to laugh, weep, or applaud over anything that takes place on the stage.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

convey a germ? A cold is not a disease. It would be just as likely to say that a person catches the toothache.

How often one hears such a remark as: "It must be catching, for it ran through the family." YORKSHIREMAN.

"THE DAILY MIRROR" OVERSEAS.

AS an instance of the usefulness of your bright little paper among friends abroad the following may interest you.

A copy of your valuable weekly edition is mailed regularly to a chum in the Royal Bank of Canada, where it is read by every member of the firm—after which it goes in the Union Bank, circulating there in the same manner.

Its usefulness is not ended then, since it enters the manager's household.

My curiosity is not strong enough to pursue its subsequent journeyings, but sufficient is given above to show how eagerly your paper is sought after by friends abroad. DUDLEY D. BROOKES, Westminster.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Any life that is worth living for must be a struggle, a swimming, not with, but against the stream.—Dean Stanley.

the husband has only 431 to cover the items as above?

It appears to me that there can be no hard and fast rule to settle such a question; it must be settled according to the circumstances of each individual case. A WORKER.

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER.

Upon a steed he came with speed,
The Day behind him breaking;
And still he sped when Day o'erhead
Her last farewell was taking.

"Ah, whither fleet?—Name thy goal!"
"The dark from which I boudled!"
He spake and fled, and in his soul
The voice night-long resounded.

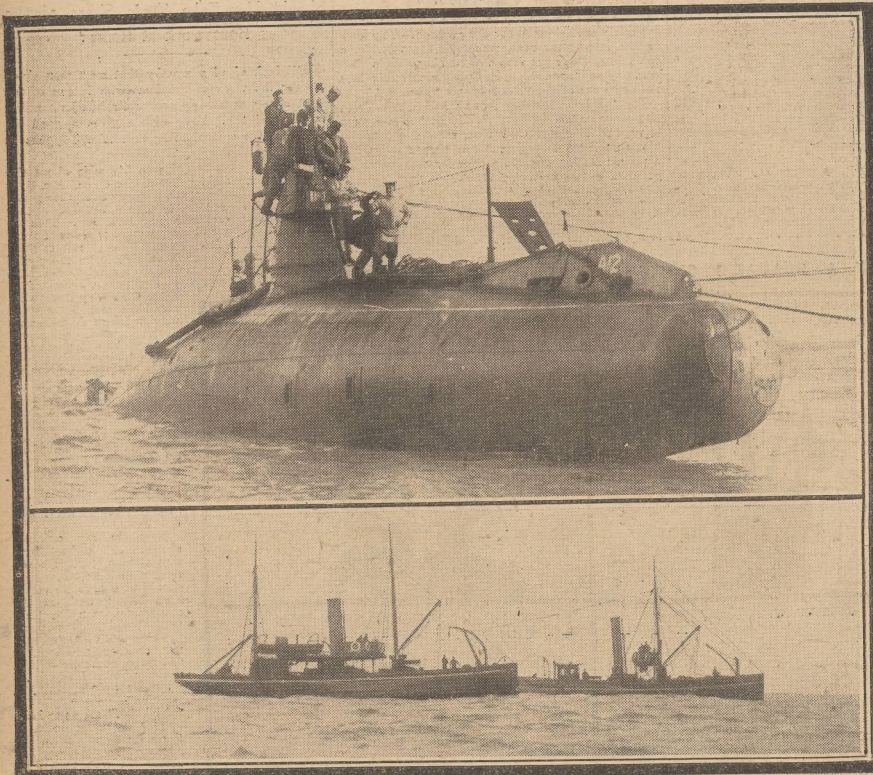
—JOSEPH SKIPSEY.

AT FACE VALUE.

IN most cases the character of a man is accurately portrayed by his face. The strong man has a strong face, the features of the weak man show his weakness, and the brutality of the hooligan is clearly shown in his face.

One class of criminal is, however, an exception to this rule. The poisoner, for some obscure reason, is generally a quite ordinary and often most benign-looking individual. FACIAL.

Search for Sunken Submarine Fails.



Submarine of the A class out of the water and vessels searching for the sunken craft.



Acting Leading Stoker Wagstaff.



A.B. Charles Russell.



Petty Officer J. F. Crowley.

A fleet of vessels was engaged during the week-end trying to locate the submarine A7, which disappeared while carrying out exercises off Plymouth. The A class is the oldest in the Navy, and one of the photographs shows what they look like out of the water. The portraits are of members of the crew.—(Daily Mirror and Cribb.)

WOMEN RUN A BANK FOR WOMEN IN BERLIN.



The Women's Bank in Berlin, which has just celebrated its five years' successful existence, is the only financial institution in the world exclusively organised by and conducted for women. It allows depositors to keep a cheque account "without permission of husbands," a formality which other banks in Germany enforce. The pictures show the inside of the bank and Fraulein Hoffman, the president (nearest the camera).

Brilliant Revival of



Sir Herbert Tree as Zakkuri.

An old favourite, "The Darling of the Gods," was revived. When it was first produced some years ago it was all the rage with "I give you double bowings" or "I give you double bowings."

"THE LAMB WAS SURE"



Betsy, a sheep which grazes on the Avery Hill (Eltham) the keepers, named Barrance, whom she follows about and kissing the

Darling of the Gods."



Miss Marie Lohr as Yo-San.



Mr. Henry Vibart as Saigon.



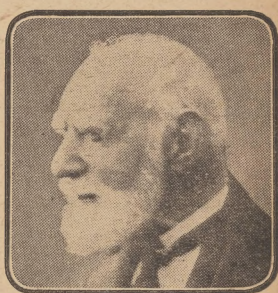
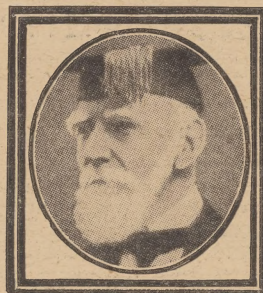
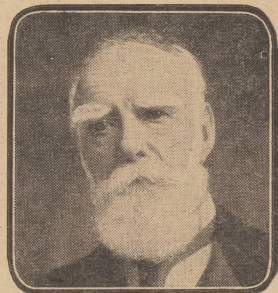
Mr. George Relph as Kara.

...y's Theatre on Saturday, and received an enthusiastic reception. ...vided a number of catch phrases, people greeting each other ...towards you."—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

Serious Illness of Lord Strathcona.



Lord Strathcona at home and with his wife, who died last November.



Three portraits of Lord Strathcona, who is Canada's "G.O.M."



Making a speech at ninety-two at the Dominion Day banquet in London.

Lord Strathcona is seriously ill, and his condition is giving rise to grave anxiety. Though in his ninety-fourth year, he is astonishingly active, and until recently he has been regular in his attendance at the Dominion offices. The death of his wife last November was, however, a terrible blow to him.—(*Daily Mirror* and Russell.)

Write for a copy of our Catalogue.

*My furniture will
be bought from this
Great Winter
Sale*

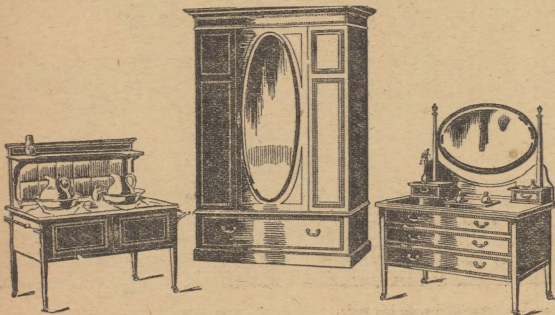


OUR Great Winter Sale is indeed a golden chance for every bargain-lover to furnish a home at very little, if any, above the actual factory price of the Furniture itself.

As an inducement for you to personally visit this Sale, and as practical evidence of the value to be obtained we are offering every purchaser

A Special Discount of 15% during the Sale.

This means that every article of Furniture in our Galleries is obtained at what may be truly termed the Factory price.



A beautifully designed Inlaid Mahogany Sheraton Style BEDROOM SUITE, comprising Wardrobe fitted with full length oval mirror, Dressing Table with swinging oval mirror, Washstand fitted with towel airers, and two cane-seated chairs ... **£14:14:0**

Don't risk waiting weeks for your Furniture—come to the firm whose enormous stock and perfect organisation enable them to deal with the largest or smallest order with lightning promptitude.

Besides being able to pay just a small sum of money every month for any Furniture you want, we will give you a

FREE LIFE INSURANCE POLICY.

In this way, should the hirer die the furniture will at once become the property of the widow or children without further payment. The furniture will also be insured against fire.

**MONTHLY
PAYMENTS.**

Worth	Per Month
£10 ...	£0 6 0
20 ...	0 11 0
30 ...	0 17 0
40 ...	1 5 0
50 ...	1 8 0
100 ...	2 5 0
200 ...	4 10 0
500 ...	11 5 0
1,000 ...	22 10 0

**FREE TEA ROOM,
WRITING ROOM
and LOUNGE.**

ON and after the first of February, a beautifully appointed Tea Room, Writing Room and Lounge will be open to all visitors at our Oxford Street Showrooms.

Country Customers may rely on the most intelligent and careful execution of their orders—and good will be safely packed and delivered free to any required address.

**We Pay Railway
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In order that you may visit us without expense, we shall be pleased to pay Railway Fares to our showrooms, providing you place an order with us, same to amount to not less than **£20.**

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14, HIGH ROAD, CHISWICK, W. (3 Doors from Young's Co.-ner).
204, HIGH ROAD, STREATHAM (Facing Library).
73, ST. JOHN'S ROAD, CLAPHAM JUNCTION, S.W.
110, HIGH STREET, PUTNEY.
56, GEORGE STREET, CROYDON.

HOURS OF BUSINESS, 9 till 9.

OXFORD STREET, 9 till 8.
A. M. STEWART, Managing Director.

J.B.

**SIDE SPRING
CORSETS**

**Satisfaction
Guaranteed
with every pair**

Fittings are more flexible than in ordinary corsets and follow marvellously the curves of the body yet with that degree of firmness which is indispensable.

EVERY PAIR WASHABLE.

Without removing steels
or corset losing its shape.

Model 400 For average to
well-developed figures.

A most comfortable corset
and fashion true.

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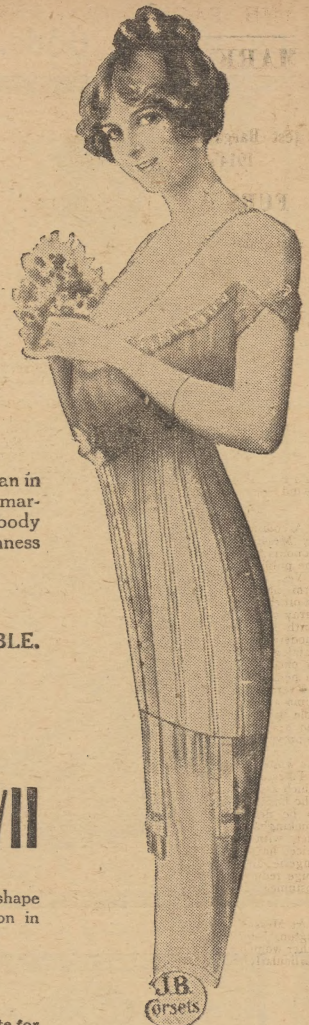
10/11 Model 600 Similar shape
having elastic section in
bottom of skirt front.

It is important that you write for
STYLE BOOK as it contains ex-
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From Drapers Everywhere.

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In teeth of pearly whiteness, in pink and healthy gums, in a breath as sweet as lilies, in a smile that does one good to see, the user of CALOX, the Oxygen Tooth Powder, reaps the CALOX reward. The Oxygen which CALOX liberates in use purifies and invigorates the entire mouth, and maintains that perfect condition of mouth health so properly prized wherever refinement exists.

SAMPLE OF CALOX & BOOK FREE

Send us your address and we will send a box of Calox Free for a start. Calox is sold at 1/4 (in non-washing boxes) by Chemists, Stores, &c. The Calox Tooth Brush reaches every part of every tooth.

G. B. KENT & SONS, Ltd., 75, Farringdon Rd. London



THE PAGE THAT HAS SOMETHING EVERY DAY FOR EVERY WOMAN.

**"MARKING DOWN"
AT THE SHOPS.**

Latest Bargains That Signalise End of 1914's First Sale Period.

FURS AND LINGERIE.

Remarkable bargain records have been created at the winter sales, and there are still many opportunities to be seized by keen shoppers before the end is reached.

Anyone who has been, as I have, in a famous shop just before a sale ended, and has seen the heads of departments ruthlessly marking down bargain prices to beat the rivals, will appreciate the opportunities that Messrs. Maynard and Son Shergelgave are giving at their renowned establishment in Vere-street and Oxford-street.

Here "further reductions" are the order of the day, which means this kind of concession, that coat and skirt suits are obtainable at 38s. 6d.; blouses from 5s., and golf jerseys, worth 45s., are marked down to half a guinea only. Need more be said save that the millinery department and that in which deals of various kinds are to be found, are the happiest hunting grounds possible?

A COMING OF AGE.

A coming-of-age anniversary is to be celebrated by Messrs. D. H. Evans and Co., with all the honours of the occasion, devoted to the benefit of the public, instead of to the usual heir.

Yes, it is actually twenty-one years since the firm inaugurated the greatest shopping sale in order that the full scope of this year's marvellous array of underclothing, linen, lace, blouses and so forth may be comprehended, and the attractive moderation of the prices be fully understood, the catalogues of special prices are sent for at once by those who cannot go to Oxford-street in person.

Everything white is included in the sale, even china and knives, and, of course, all that is desirable in table napery and bed-linen, not forgetting the new bon-bon bolster-cases, which are a huge improvement on the old kind and very decorative. A show of spring millinery runs concurrently with the white sale, which continues for fourteen days.

To return to the subject of "further reductions," which assuredly means much to the thrifty shopper, who has probably been waiting for the magic words to be declared, I find that Messrs. Goring's, Puckingham Palace-road, have pronounced the verdict, with this result, that in every department prices have greatly descended. Children's frocks, lingerie and millinery are greatly affected, and huge reductions are to be discovered amongst the costumes and blouses.

FURS AND FURNITURE.

At Messrs. Derry and Toms, High-street, Kensington, I focused my attention where I know the other women will, namely, upon the furs, which are particularly and specially reduced this week. There are model fur coats at bargain prices, which means untold advantages to the purchaser in these days of fancy prices for peltry; squirrel coats, ties and muffs of the loveliest skins, black fox ties, and some exceedingly desirable musquash coats. Of this announcement please take note.

It will be most advantageous to go to Hampton's, in Pall Mall East, any time this week, and I have a special objection in mentioning this fact to brides and bridegrooms elect and all who are changing houses shortly. For the carpets one can buy and the crotonomes, curtains, and so on, at bargain prices, as well as household furniture of the firm's well-known quality, make the money devoted by young couples and old to their household gods, go thrice as far as under ordinary circumstances.

By the way, it is important to remember that at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, in Wigmore-street, the sale still continues, with extra special opportunities throughout.

ATTRACTIVE WHITE SALE.

A very attractive white sale is that of which Messrs. T. J. Harries, of Oxford-street, make a feature to-day. Some of the items, such as the white silk stockings with garter tops at 1s. 6d., and the silk and crêpe de Chine nightgowns at half a guinea, 15s. 6d., and a guinea each, assure one that now is the moment to buy such covetable goods.

The catalogue of Messrs. Wynne Bros.' sale of January and February will positively interest those who know already or have yet to learn the advantages of buying at this well-known mail order warehouse, 14-16, Goswell-road, E.C.

Then, to conclude, I have a very good piece of news, namely, that the proprietors of Bovril are going to help their patrons to procure a series of charming engravings, by issuing with their bottles, tins and jars of Bovril (except the very smallest size) coupons which will go towards securing the replicas of art and artists' proof engravings that will be found on show in the Bovril offices in London and the chief provincial towns.

BAD LEG CURE FREE

Splendid Offer. Cure Guaranteed.

Ulcers and running sores which will not heal, fiery patches causing agony, ankles and veins swollen and tender, crumpling and stabbing pains, skin all purple and black—are caused by poison and acid in your blood. Send for Week's Free Treatment of Hood's Medicine, the great herbal blood remedy, which in two years has a record of 10,000 cures. It clears the poison right out of the blood, and thus we guarantee an absolute cure. Send 2d. for postage, etc., to Hood's (Room M.32), 34, Snow-hill, London, and choose liquid or tablet form.—(Advt.)

DISCOURAGED ECONOMY.

Occasions When a Woman Should Not Reveal Her Money-Saving Plans.

Sometimes a woman makes a mistake in talking proudly about her little economies. "Look at this," I said to my husband. "Isn't it a 'hot' little blouse? It looks as if it came out of Bond-street. You would never guess I made it out of my old skirt and a cup of tea!"

In this particular case I was so pleased that I went on talking—

"I get as much pleasure out of having done this as you do out of a long drive when your opponent is one up and fizzes his at the seventeenth hole."

"Let me see," I thought for a moment. "Suppose you try and imagine that you have made a perfect-fitting pair of footer shorts out of two odd socks, a knitted tie, what was left of a flannel shirt when puppy had finished worrying it and four worn-out collars. Have you got the correct sensation of jubilation? Well, that's how I feel."

My husband looked up from his paper with such a perfect look of understanding that I felt I could hug him!

"My dear," he said, "I forgot to tell you Moore asked us to dine with him next week at the Carlton. You must have a new frock for the occasion." My heart leaped. "Now, with your ingenuity you ought to be able to contrive something that will make all the other women green with envy!" D.

TURKISH BATH FASHIONS.

Print Covering Cut Like a Laundry Bag That Offends the Fastidious.

"Why should Turkish bath gowns be so ugly?" asks a correspondent.

"There is a time-honoured tradition that women dress for one another," she says. "This can

**IS A TIDY HUSBAND
A NUISANCE?**

Sorrows of Wife of Man Who Has Mania for Putting Things in Their Place.

"Don't, whatever you do, marry a tidy man!"

This was the impressive warning Doris gave her friend Evelyn the other day when she came home and found that her husband, in the process of "tidying-up," had thrown in the fire a notepaper envelope containing two-shillingworth of penny and halfpenny stamps.

She had bought some thin foreign notepaper earlier that day, and, going out hurriedly later, had left that package and other small ones on a table. The husband had carefully put the notepaper into the bureau and had thrown away the envelope, not noticing the stamps at the bottom.

"I should have thought a tidy husband was a perfect treasure," declared Evelyn.

"Yes—if he has been taught tidiness by you," said Doris. "If he has learned not to knock tobacco ash all over the rugs and carpets, not to throw a wet mackintosh on a newly-polished table, and so on—then he may be quite tolerable. But if he has been reared on maxims like 'A place for everything and everything in its place,' and his occupation has made him neat in the arrangement of papers—then, my dear, his tidiness is a curse, simply a curse!"

"Life is a perfect terror with a tidy man about. He can't keep his hands off anything. If I put down a piece of sewing on a chair for ten minutes off it is whisked while my back is turned, and it will take me another ten minutes to find the stuff and the needles and threads and patterns again."

"Or if I specially want to wear something giddy for going out one evening when he happens to be away, can I find my turquoise necklace? Not without a burglar's outfit! Perhaps, a little while before, I've left it on my table or on a mantelpiece,

TITANIC MEMORIAL BY WOMAN SCULPTOR.

Titanic memorial and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, of New York, the designer. Many prominent sculptors sent in designs, but this one was accepted. It is to be erected at Washington.



hardly be true, or why, then, have they suffered so long the unspeakable garment in which those of them who take Turkish baths regularly spend so many hours in each other's society in the course of a year?"

However, a revolt has begun, she states. A number of women are demanding a more decorative covering than the inevitable print and cut like a laundry bag, drawn up at the neck with a tape and having the side seams split for arm-holes.

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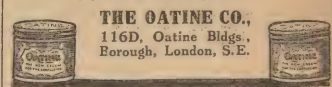
Send for It To-day

and make the following test of Oatine. Wash and dry the face in the ordinary way, then, after applying a little Oatine, wipe the face gently but firmly with a soft towel, when particles of black will be found on the towel, showing that Oatine brings away dirt and grime from the pores which soap and water quite fail to remove.

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—Mrs. J. H. Jones, 100, Brondesbury, London, N.W.

SERIAL.

THE PRIOR CLAIM.

By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE.

CHAPTER XXXVII. (continued).

The American did not turn his head, but looked sadly before him, pulling at his cigar.

"So, it's come," he said at last, "and it's a remarkable dry." You find that I have an ace or two in reserve also. Well, what's the fire you are in?"

"I'll tell you," Lambert leaned nearer to his apparently indifferent listener and spoke in low, hurried tones. "That girl, Freda Trevor, has turned up again; tried to shoot me first, and has now got hold of Renée—Lady Pomfret—and is giving out that I married her under the name of Maynard."

"Oh, you were married to her, eh?" interposed Tenbrook, with a queer smile.

"I'm not going into that now. The point is that I don't wish to be identified as Alfred Maynard. Now I gather that you told Yolande that I had passed under that name. It was an infernally silly thing to do. . . . Now, if Renée or Flame get hold of you, I want you to swear that you were mistaken—that you never knew me as Maynard."

Tenbrook took time to consider his reply. "Why should I do you this service?" he asked sulkily.

"In exchange for the bill you forged," said the baronet bluntly. He leaned back in his chair and fixed his gaze on the American's face.

"Where is the bill?"

Lambert brought it. "I was not quite such a fool as to laugh it with me. You Americans are very handy with your guns. I will give you the bill all right when you have denied my identity with Maynard."

"How did you get hold of the bill?" inquired Tenbrook doubtfully.

"As soon as the failure of your Intercontinental Exchange was announced and the real date of Hingler's death was published, I went to the bill broker and bought back the bill for a mere song. I represented myself as a relative of yours, anxious to save you from disgrace. In point of fact, I was really sorry for you. You fancy that I got you into those scrapes deliberately. You did me an injustice. It was the girl all the time. She was a regular bloodsucker. She had cleared me out completely by the time I met her, and as you saw, threat of her for you the moment she found you had money. Of course, that made me wild, I don't deny. I was fond of the girl in a

ceded. He had no hope now of sustaining the murder charge which he had kept suspended like the sword of Damocles over the girl's head these six years past. He had played that trick and lost.

He looked again at Tenbrook. The little man was obviously wavering. "I'd like to see that bill," he began. Then he paused. There was a rush of quick footfalls in the corridor without. Renée pushed open the door. She started upon seeing the two men, but boldly entered the room.

Ignoring her reputed husband, she addressed herself to the strange man. "I am Lady Pomfret's stepdaughter," she said. "Can you tell me when Lady Pomfret will return?"

"I have been expecting her the last half hour," replied the American, politely. "Do I understand that you are Sir Lambert's wife?"

"I am not—thank Heaven!" replied Renée, promptly. "I thought I was till half-an-hour ago. She pointed to Lambert. 'You will find this man's wife in the custody of the police—where she won't remain long.'"

"Ah!" Lambert leaned gracefully against the mantelpiece and stroked his moustache. He looked indulgently at Renée.

"Ah! You have been taken in by that story, too. Did she show you her marriage certificate?"

"She did. I see that you married her under the assumed name of Maynard, which is what Yolande called you by yesterday. I am convinced that she is your wife. Heavens! What a relief to be rid of you!"

"You have perhaps forgotten," said the baronet in icy tones, addressing Renée, "that in the event of our marriage being proved void, you will lose every penny."

"Of father's money!" interrupted Renée. "Hurrah! I never wanted a penny of it. I married you to get Yolande out of a scrape, and I can't say she has proved herself very grateful—and mainly to help Philip. I find that Philip can do without any woman's help. I was a fool not to have guessed that before. As for me, I can earn my own living, which you never could," she wound up scornfully.

She turned suddenly and looked at the other man. "Are you Mr. Tenbrook?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then it was you who told Yolande that this man and Alfred Maynard were one and the same man," cried Renée delightedly.

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BEGINS TO-MORROW.

way, and when I saw that she was treating you as she had treated me I couldn't help watching the fun. I would have warned you of the girl's true character, but you were too much infatuated with her to listen—

"I don't remember that you could," observed Tenbrook cynically.

"I saw it was useless. Besides, as I have said, I was jealous—you had cut me out. I concealed my real name from the girl as long as I could, but when she found that I was the nephew of Sir John Pomfret she threatened to write to the old man unless I left you to her tender mercies. The next thing I heard was that you had disappeared, and the girl, too. When the body was fished out of the canal I never doubted that it was you. I said to myself, 'Poor beggar! I might as well redeem my reputation if I can.' So I scraped the money together and got back the bill."

"I see. You bought up the bill solely to save my reputation, that was very kind of you."

Lambert glanced sharply at the little man. He was not sure whether the odd note in his voice was of sarcasm or genuine emotion. He went on more calmly than before. "I thought that I had heard the last of the girl, but she soon began to get threatening letters from her. She believed she had murdered you, and so did I. Of course," continued Lambert with an air of manly generosity, "I couldn't leave the girl entirely in the lurch, so I have kept her going ever since. And now she turns up with some cleverly concocted story of my having married her under the name of Maynard. You see, a charge of that sort is a serious thing for me. It would mean not only that I should lose my interest in my late uncle's estate, but that Renée—poor girl!—would be beggared also."

"Why?"

"Because she is not entitled to a penny under her father's will unless she has married me. If this girl's story were believed, obviously my marriage with Renée would be upset, and all the property—Lambert went on very hurriedly—"I should go to some distant cousin. So you see, old boy—she rose and laid his heavy hand affectionately on the American's shoulder—"you owe it to everybody to retract that foolish admission you made to Yolande and, if called upon by this girl or her friends, to deny that I am Maynard."

Mr. Tenbrook removed his neatly-shod feet from the edge of the table, rose from his chair and made a few short paces up and down. "Suppose the girl is lawfully married to you?"

"My dear chap!"—the baronet laughed scornfully—"is she the sort of girl sensible men marry? No doubt she married some other man named Maynard in order to entrap me later on. She was up to all kinds of tricks."

The big man had lost the confident hectoring bearing with which he had entered the room. Bitterly now did he regret that mad attempt to rid himself of the brown-haired girl once and for all. And yet he could hardly reproach himself for how great a thing it would have been had he suc-

The American fidgeted nervously. He glanced towards Lambert and caught a warning in his eye.

"I fancy now, I was mistaken," he faltered.

Lambert advanced to cover his retreat.

Mr. Tenbrook heard some absurd yarn of the kind from a Mr. Loseby, the man your dear friend, Freda Trevor, murdered. Poor Loseby confounded me with Maynard. That's so, isn't it, Tenbrook? You remember Loseby, who forged the bill?"

Tenbrook hung his head and went paler than before. "I guess that's so," he said.

"As to Mr. Loseby," said Renée resolutely, "I am going to find him. Freda swears that she saw him two or three months ago at Charing Cross. He was frightened and ran away because of the forgery of which you two speak."

"If that is so, he certainly won't turn up again," observed Lambert sarcastically.

"I think he will when I tell him that I hold the only proofs of his guilt—the bill he is supposed to have forged, which till a quarter of an hour ago was in Freda's possession and is now in mine."

The effect upon Tenbrook was electric. "The bill in your possession?" he stammered. Then, suddenly, gray calmer, he cast a glance of hatred and contempt at the other man. "Bluffing all the time!" he said.

"Nonsense!" cried Lambert hoarsely. "It's a mere copy—the forgery of a copy. I have the bill itself."

"Produce it, then!" The little man folded his arms and faced his persecutor.

Renée looked from one to the other. Comprehension dawned upon her face. "Why," she cried, advancing towards the American, "I believe that you must be the missing man Loseby!"

"Correct, miss," answered the American. "I am Eustace Loseby, and this gentleman was known to me as Alfred Maynard. If your friend Freda Trevor is the lovely damsel who showed me in the canal that night, I should say that it was extremely likely that the Alfred Maynard to whom she was married was our honourable friend here."

Lambert turned discomfited and picked up his hat and gloves. "The whole truth of the matter," he declared, "is that the girl really was married to a man of that name, and that I was fool enough to allow myself to be passed off as her husband. I suppose I shall now be put to the trouble of hunting up the real Alfred Maynard." He hung out of the room.

Loseby turned towards Renée. "Now, young lady," he said, "I shall feel greatly relieved when you hand me over that little document. I've been fidgeting for a sight of it for years. After that I shall be happy to make a deposition before a notary that to the best of my knowledge and belief Maynard and Lambert Pomfret are the same person."

"Come with me, Mr. Loseby," cried Renée delightedly, moving towards the door. "Now you have set me free from that man I can forgive you for stealing Philip's paper."

"I should like to meet Mr. Flame," said the American grimly, as he followed the girl.

(To be concluded.)

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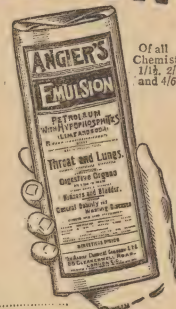
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PALLADIUM.—8.30 and 9.10. The Successful Revue, I DO LIKE YOU, EYES POLSKIS is a HOLLANDERS VERNON WATSON, NAN S'UART and BEAUTY CHORUS of 50. LITTLE TICH etc.

MINSTRELS.—DAILY, at 2.30, 1s. to 5s. Children Half-price to Parents and Grand Circle.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Great Asphaltic Skating Rink, 3 Sections. Band, Organ, Cinema, etc. Grand fare and Palace admission, 1s. 6d. Last Week. Return

MASKELVNE & DEVANT'S MYSTERIES.—St. George's Hall, Oxford-circus. W. Daily at 3 and 8. "HIT" (The Motor-Cycle Mystery). "THE YOGI'S STAR," etc. Seats 1s. to 5s. Myself. 1545.

POLYTECHNIC.—REGENT-ST. W.—Daily, at 8, CINEMA WONDERLAND. Pathe Freres Magnificent Pictures. Programme changes weekly. Seats 6d. Good Res. 1s. 2s., 4s. Children half-price.

QUEEN'S HALL.—Langham-place, W. The £20,000 Film. ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

THE GREATEST OF ALL PRODUCTIONS. Showing Exclusively in London. To-day, at 2.30, 8.30 and 9. Prices from 6d. upwards.

Signora Terribili (Cleopatra) will be present at all performances.

CARL HAGENBECK'S WONDER ZOO AND BIG CIRCUS, Olympia—11 to 11. BIG CIRCUS at 2.30 and 7.45. ADMISSION 1s. (1.50d. Free Seats to Circus). RESERVED SEATS FOR CIRCUS (including Free Admission to Wonder Zoo), can now be booked at the usual Libraries and at Olympia. Tel. Ham. 1597 and Ham. 1540.

STOMACH & BOWEL INDIGESTION

CAUSE CONSTIPATION FLATULENCE & ACIDITY.



IS THE ONLY CURE

Your sufferings and distress are chiefly caused by Flatulence and Constipation.

You suffer after eating a hearty meal.
You suffer after eating a hurried meal.
You suffer after eating something you like.

You suffer probably after every meal.
You wonder why? The reason is simple

You have Indigestion in the Stomach or the Bowel or both, and you suffer now because you have taken the same worthless stuff that so many others took, that is, you have tried purgatives and so-called indigestion cures, or some of those worthless imitations of Cicfa, made up into chocolate-coated tablets at 7½d., or 6d., or less.

That is why you are not cured and why you still suffer.

We tell you, and your doctor will tell you that **Cicfa is the Cure** because it is the only remedy which contains those Digestive Ferments absolutely required by Nature to ensure perfect Digestion of everything you eat—that is, your Albuminous food like eggs, meat, etc., in the Stomach, and your Starchy food like bread, potatoes etc., in the Bowel. All the nourishment is then extracted from the food; the **Ble circulation is perfect** so that all **Liver symptoms disappear**, and the refuse from the food is then naturally expelled. Then there is no Constipation and as there are no gases formed there can be no Flatulence. The blood becomes pure; the nourishment is assimilated, so that every part of the system grows stronger; your digestion rapidly improves, and soon you are able to digest everything without any assistance. There is no longer Stomach or Bowel Indigestion, no Constipation, no Flatulence, no Acidity. Your sleep is natural and refreshing, and your breath sweet as a child's.

Your Doctor will advise you to take Cicfa.

86, St. George's Road, Southwark.
Dear Sirs—For over two years I had been a martyr to abdominal pains. My days were a misery and my nights a terror, but although my sufferings were so great and my night's rest was broken, I would not submit to the knife. Varii remedies were tried for the Flatulence, Colic, Spasms, &c., but without avail, and finally I became terribly weakened. My food did me harm, always increasing the Flatulence, Spasms and Colic, the pains being **severe in the stomach, but much worse lower down, even extending to my legs**. I read one of your Cicfa Adverts, and concluded I had **Bowel Indigestion**, because the worst of the pain was so low down. The first box of Cicfa cured me of the Flatulence, and the pains have gradually disappeared. I have taken four boxes, and now the pains have gone, and I can sleep the night through. I am again in perfect health. Without doubt my trouble was **Indigestion in the Bowel**. 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The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

A BANK IN BERLIN WHICH IS RUN BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN: SEE PAGE 8.

No. 3,194.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, JANUARY 19, 1914

One Halfpenny.

PORTSMOUTH v. WATFORD: WEBSTER'S GALLANT DEFENCE.



Portsmouth defeated Watford by a goal to nil at Fratton Park, when the gallant defence of Webster, the visitors' goalkeeper, was a feature of the game. (1) Webster clears from Powell and (2) from a corner kick, after an exciting tussle. (3) He again saves his side.

(4) Watford are hard pressed, but once more Webster comes to their rescue. (5) He clears from Hogg. (6) Mounteney makes a fine attempt to score, only to find Webster the stumbling block to success.—(Cribb.)